

ODYSSEY

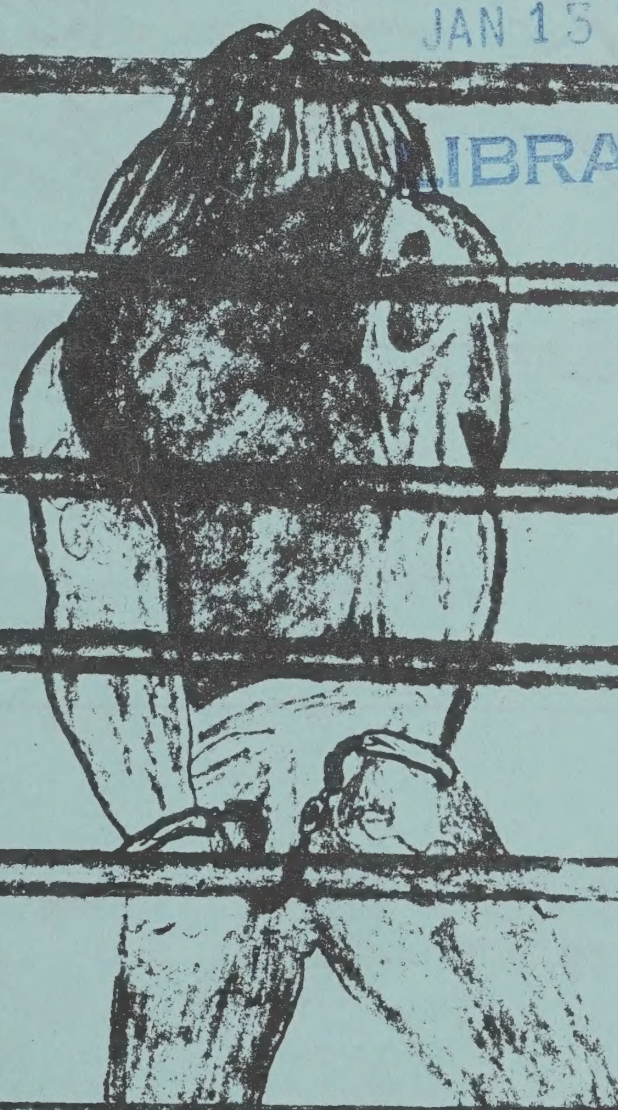
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CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

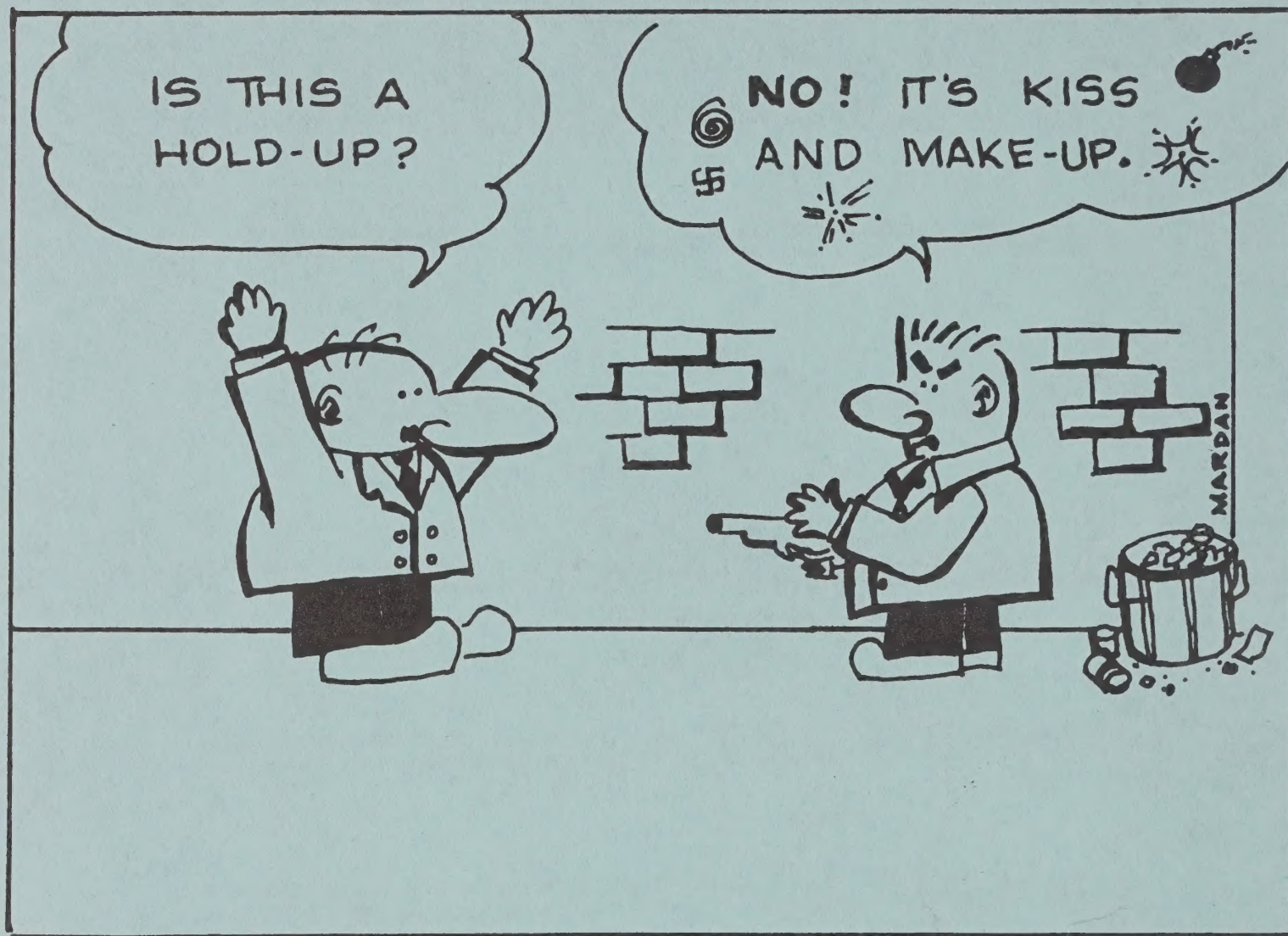
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MR. GOODBODY



STATIC POPULATION of Millhaven Max.	259
SPECIAL HANDLING UNIT	64
SEGREGATION (1-G)	18 (approx.)
OUTSIDE COURT	2
HOSPITAL	2
ESCAPED	1
TOTAL.....	345

Volume 1...

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Odyssey Newsletter

DECEMBER, 1981.

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Editor - Bill Solosky

Odyssey Group Executive

Chairman - Gary Holland

Vice Chairman - Pat Vendramin

Secretary - Wally Barry

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Note From The Editor

I feel compelled to elucidate the delay of this issue of the Odyssey Newsletter and to familiarize myself to you.

At the conception of this issue, Ed McLean was Editor, replacing Tommy Smith. Ed has since been placed in the Special Handling Unit.

We did not feel Ed, as Editor, should be superseded until a clear determination was made in regards to him. He has since been charged and the charges are still pending.

Ray Heisler supplanted Ed. Ray has since been released.

I have succeeded Ray. I was elected Editor on October 22, 1981 by the Odyssey Group. I trust this will fully explain the delay in your receiving this issue of the Odyssey Newsletter.

I would like to thank you for your support and to inform you that I will fully embrace my responsibilities as Editor.

In Solidarity,

Bill Solosky

Odyssey Newsletter Policy

The policy of the Odyssey Newsletter is to bring to the attention of the public what we, the members of the Odyssey Group and other contributing authors, believe to be gross injustices perpetrated by the Canadian Correctional Services, Canada's Justice System and other services related to the correctional field.

The views expressed in the Newsletter are those of the contributing authors with the full support of the Odyssey Group Members. They are not the views of the Canadian Correctional Service, nor are they necessarily those of other prisoners.

The Odyssey Group is a group of long term prisoners who feel that prisons and the justice system in Canada can and must be changed through non-violent means. It is our purpose to do all in our power to bring about these changes.

Public apathy can only be combatted through education. Hopefully, this Newsletter will serve that purpose.

Sincerely yours

The Editor

By Way of Introduction:

A friendly note:

Dear friends and members of the Odyssey Group. I have gotten to know most of you over the past five months as part of the fighting machine we refer to as the group on the move. It is with my deepest respect and with all the sincerity I possess, that I accept the Editors job for this Newsletter.

By Way of Farewell:

To Tommy Smith, who will be remembered for the time, energy and unselfishness he put into the task I am about to undertake. You were a good soldier who put forth the effort of ten. The best of luck on your transfer and for your future.

Editor

Ed McLean

***** Editorial *****

"Justice", we the prisoners of this penitentiary and other penitentiaries and institutions across Canada, fully comprehend the reality of this word. We breathe its meaning every second of every day.

In this country, millions of dollars are spent each and every year to lock Human Beings up into cells. The reasons for this are very obscure. Are we locked up to be helped? Are we locked up to be punished? Or, are we locked up for the unusual pleasure some people get for mutilating our minds?

Which of these choices is the reality? When a person is pushed to the brink of disaster? When his mind is exploited and he no longer cares if he is alive or dead? There are even those amongst us who do not even know they are alive.

It is time we stood up and are heard. We must be looked at as Human Beings and not as numbered animals. We must make an honest effort to obliterate the concept that we are not real people. We must confront the people and have them appraise their own apathy in regards to our plight.

We each possess merits. They can not be taken away from us. They are similar to Universal Laws. They can not be taken away from us but they can be overshadowed. If the Sun was hidden from our view for 1,000 years, people would forget about it but it would still be there. The same is true of our merits. They force us to conceal them, they deny they exist and finally they are

forgotten as if they never existed. Like the sun though, they are still there.

Here at the Millhaven Penitentiary, they have one of the most heart divulsing "programs" ever thought of. It is called the Special Handling Unit, it is in fact a prison within a prison.

Men who are classified as "dangerous" or even "potentially dangerous" are held here. For a period of at least two years, these men are kept out of contact with the main population and even with each other if the Administration so desires. The most indefensible aspect of this is that some of these men have been there for lengthy periods! They do not have a hope in hell of ever being released to the general population again. They are forgotten as time plods on.

To be held in the confines of this little prison is called "Censoreu ". It is in fact "solitary confinement". This type of environment breeds nothing but contempt and hatred. How can any individual be expected to be on "good behaviour" under such standards? But you must demonstrate this "good behaviour" in order to be released. When anyone is pushed for survival we all revert to animality.

Instead of trying to help a man find a responsible solution to a problem, these men are instructed in the arts of violence, hate, contempt and utter frustration. It boggles the mind to think that these mens keepers become upset when the men react in the manner they themselves are teaching them.

These men become a product of the system. They may eventually be released but they are in a state of confusion and catatonia. This is caused by the head games they must suffer every day from the Administration. So even if these men are released, they will in all probability return to the prison within a prison. Survival is based upon identity and environment. These men are being forced to identify with the Special Handling Unit and must ultimately return to their identity for survival.

Ed McLean

Reality

What would your reaction be to the following set of circumstances ?

Let's say your mother, father, child, girlfriend or boyfriend were acquainted with someone who is incarcerated in this prison and the people you knew decided to visit him. Upon arrival they are ushered into a small room and asked to strip before they will be allowed to visit.

Upon completion of this task, they are asked to raise their arms, their feet, they will be requested to run their fingers through their hair. Their ears and mouth will be inspected. They will then be asked to bend over and touch their toes. If the visitor should be a woman who is having her menstrual cycle, she may be asked to

change her tampon. This is all done under the unrelenting vigil of at least one staff member. When asked why this type of debauchery is required the Administration replies "Security Measures".

We have a real paradox here. Some prisoners are also subjected to a skin search before a visit is granted. Upon completion of the visit, all prisoners ARE subjected to this same procedure. In fact the procedure has been put down so pat that it is more like a ritual. It must be done. So what is the point of subjecting the visitor to this cruelty? If and I do say if, something is brought in, it would be found when the prisoner is searched. There is no need for the visitor to have been searched.

Once a visitor is allowed to enter the visiting room, they are under the diligent observation of two cameras. There are also two large convexed mirrors (the type generally seen in Supermarkets). This is not all though, the visiting room is also under the constant surveillance of two V/C Officers. Of course all of the Security Measures can be rationalized because of the immensness of the visiting area? It measures about 15' x 20' and there are 9 tables in it!!!

At any rate I know how I feel about this, utter disgust and loathing. I can tolerate these idiosyncrasies when the people who run this penitentiary perpetrate their insidious games on me, but I find it intolerable when INNOCENT people are subjected to such revolting behaviour.

This type of behaviour is neither equitable

nor just. These types of actions can do nothing but destroy relationships. They also create a great deal of tension within the prison population. These people have shown a great deal of courage and decency by visiting. They should be encouraged not discouraged. The responsibility of this type of action lies entirely with the Prison Officials. The onus is on them to change the type of procedure they are now following.

Wayne Cline

Editor's Personal Comment

Mr. Arthur Trono should do some soul searching and expurgate his own area of responsibility. Maybe then violence in the prison system would become a thing of the past and not necessarily a thing of the future.

It makes me nauseated to think that we the prisoners are categorized as something other than Human Beings. I ask you to reread the Article "Reality" and then decide for yourself who is more repugnant, the Administration or the Prisoners.

It is pathetic that the Government seems to destroy and exploit certain admirable and indispensable qualities of character that are found in every prisoner. They do not seem to be interested in helping a prisoner consolidate these traits. It seems to me that it would be to everyones advantage if they did do this.

The public seems to turn their collective head whenever they see or hear about the atrocities which occur behind these walls. The

degradation of visitors is only one problem. It seems as though as long as you are not personally in this "Censored" you need not be concerned. As Christ once said Let you who have not sinned throw the first stone (Or at least words to that effect). Remember you could be here as a prisoner one day.

By Ed McLean

Bulletin

An ocean liner recently sank somewhere in the South Pacific. There were twelve survivors, who were lucky enough to swim to a nearby island.

They were:

2 Frenchmen and their Secretary.

2 Italian Business Men and their Secretary.

2 British Gentlemen and their Secretary.

2 Canadian Penitentiary Officials and their Secretary.

As of last Report:

The Frenchmen have worked out a compromise of having the Secretary on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. The other on alternate days.

The one Italian Business Man shot and killed the other one so that he could have the Secretary every day of the week.

The two British Gentlemen shot their Secretary so that they could have each other every day of the week.

The two Canadian Penitentiary Officials are still awaiting instructions from Ottawa on what to do...

ODE TO AN EX-CON'S WIFE

Pep Murray

The time has passed! I'm home at last!
Hello, my darling wife.
I've paid for sin, now let's begin
Another start in life.
I'll never rob! I'll get a job!
You see, I've got a trade.
I'm sure, my dear, the companies here
Need many mail-bags made!
I've got a scheme, my little dream,
To keep me out of Jail;
It's simple, see, like one, two, three,
I'm sure it cannot fail.
Depends on you here's what to do:
Just stick with me and then
In every way, both night and day,
Remind me of the Pen.
Oh, paint the walls in rooms and halls
A morbid, dingy grey,
And let a gust of wind and dust
Blow in here every day.
In winter, Sweet, turn off the heat
And let the dampness in;
If it should be too cold for me,
Walk past my room and grin.
Give me a broom to sweep my room,
But cut the handle through;
Give me a light that's not too bright,
(A forty watt will do),
A table bare, a wooden chair,
A rag to wash my floor;
Another thing, be sure to string
An earphone near my door.
Back there in jail I used a pail
To shave, (with looking glass).

Give me a blade that someone made
To use for cutting grass!
And, Dear, I hope you'll give me soap
That never lathers up;
A brush that's tough and hard and rough.
A Plain metallic cup.
If you and I should watch T.V.,
I mustn't hear the sound,
SO yell, my Sweet, and stamp your feet,
And move the chairs around.
We'll go to Church, but you must search
This guy when he goes out;
Be on your toes and frisk my clothes
Each time I move about.
Each time I wash, be sure to squash
My clothes up in a ball.
Then put them in a metal bin,
My shoes and pants and all,
Include two socks, within the box,
One short and one too long;
Never admit they do not fit.,
Just sneer, and say, "Your wrong."
A cigarette? Oh, thanks, my Pet,
But not a tailor-made.
Those years alone I rolled my own
On the salary I was paid.
An ash-tray, Boss? No thanks, I'll toss
My butts upon the rug.
A drinking glass? I'll have to pass;
I use a metal mug.
When I am ill give me a pill,
Don't try to understand
Just send me off to choke and cough
As long as I can stand.
If I complain about a pain,
Then stare me in the eye:
Say, "Okay, Jerk, get back to work,
Your kind will never die!"
For supper make a rubber steak,
Or serve some leather pork;

Use lots of lard and fry it hard,
Until it bends the fork.
Then heap some suds upon my spuds,
Or bake them, Dear, in sand;
Make sure the skin is not too thin,
To break with mortal hand,
Whate'er you fix, be sure to mix
The courses all in one.
Carrots peas and maybe cheese;
Spill tea upon the bun,
When serving tea, it ought to be
Cold as a Warden's heart,
And make the bread, like heavy lead
That I can't tear apart!
And when you bake, for goodness sake,
Put raisins in the pies.
But squash them well, so I can't tell
The currants from the flies!
It's understood that pie is good
With cole-slaw on the top;
My memory brings me many things
That you can splash and slop.
Now don't you set the table, Pet,
For I'm not use to that;
Three times a day, hand me a tray,
Then vamoose, beat it, scat!
I'd like it fine if I could dine
Inside the bathroom, Dear:
By sink and bowl, (ignore the hole)
I'm use to that I fear.
When I have ate, it's not too late,
I'll walk around the yard,
But I want you to dress in blue,
Pretend that your a guard.
Or better still, Dear, if you will
Watch me walk up and down..
And give me Hell: be sure to yell,
"Hey get in line you clown!"
And when the sun shows day is done,

Don't come to bed with me;
Many a year upon the tier
I slept alone you see.
But don't you fret, my little Pet,
As you may use the den;
We'll shout and call across the hall
As I did in the Pen.
That mattress is too soft, Gee Whiz.
Get me another kind
That's full of lumps and many bumps
To stick in my behind!
The blankets too, will never do
They're much too smooth and fine:
Get me a pair the horses wear,
That smell like turpentine!
Don't set the clock, and don't you knock
To wake me anymore..
Just use the gong, and bang it long
Outside my bedroom door.
When I get up give me a cup
Of coffee muddy-brown,
And serve my toast pale as a ghost,
Or black as a Judge's gown.
You want me home, no more to roam?
Then heed my little tale,
So I'll recall the months and all
Them years I spent in jail.
Remind me, Dear, all through the year
In everything you do,
And you can bet a million, Pet.
I'll stay right here with you.

Editor's Comment:

I found this poem by Pep Murray on file. It was written years ago in the Kingston Pen. Like all good poems though, it has not lost its appropriateness, even with the passing of years.

Bill Solosky

Editor's Comment:

The letter below was reproduced in its entirety. It was received by myself and I thought I should share it with you in this edition of the Newsletter.

Sept. 7, 1981
Apartado 317
Chimbote, Peru

Dear Friends:

Your most recent issue of Odyssey, my copy, was forwarded to me from Toronto by the office where I used to receive it as part of my work with Connexions. Now I'm working in Peru almost two years in fact & thought you might be interested in sharing some of the experiences of prison here. At one point I visited a number of Canadian Jails including the Don Jail, The East and West Detention Centres and Millhaven. Now I am Chaplain (Catholic) of the Jail in Chimbote, a city in the North of Peru, where I also regularly visit another Jail up in the mountains (the Andes) & have had occasion to visit the two major prisons in Lima.

Let me explain just a little about the jail here in Chimbote for the moment. It contains about 100-140 prisoners, usually mostly men. They are quartered in what was originally built to be a Children's nursery, converted to a Jail after an earthquake destroyed the city in 1970. The women (presently 5, sometimes much more) are kept in a room 12 ft. by 16 ft. without windows. The bath and toilet are the same: a hole in the ground with a water outlet above. They never leave that room. The men are kept in two rooms with a space of about 1 square yard apiece for living space.

Many sleep 2 to a straw mattress or even on the bare concrete. There is no heating system. During the day they have the use of a patio about 30 x 25 ft. The budget for food comes to about 40 cents a day per person. That means a piece of bread & a cup of tea for breakfast, rice and beans for dinner and tea for supper. To supplement that many prisoners take up crafts & try to sell baskets or whatnot through their relatives. Their families receive no assistance. Welfare does not exist here.

The legal process is very long. Prisoners can be held weeks & even months on "suspicion". Often a prisoner spends a year or more before reaching trial and often has completed the sentence (or more) before ever reaching trial. When a prisoner has to make an appearance in court he has to pay his transfer as well as that of a guard. In the city that amounts to about \$ 1.00; in the case of the Higher Court it means about \$ 35.00. If he can't pay he misses & has to wait another round. Last week that happened to a fellow who has been waiting almost two years for a trial.

These are a few of the facts about the jail here. It's a very tough reality and yet somehow they hang in there and even keep their dignity. There is a small committee of prisoner's and on visitors day, a couple of times a year they even organize a little dance with music. It's something unforgettable.

It would be good to hear from you. In any case I wish each of you what no human being should ever be without: Freedom! May God grant it to each of you and soon.

In Solidarity
Fr. Ricardo(Renshaw)

Night-Mare

Safe ground a half mile away,
I'm trapped in Wild-Horse Pass,
With a broken leg I can only crawl,
Through dangerous wildhorse grass.

In the feeding ground of wild horses,
I'm helpless among this bait,
Stamped in the ground by a 1000 horses,
Appears to be my fate.

The sound of thundering hooves,
Pounding the range so hard,
Stampeded horses is only a dream,
My Night-Mare, is a clock-punching guard

Love Song

Last night I heard a love song,
Over the earphones in my cell,
It **brought** to me fond memories,
Of those I love so well,
Reminding me of days gone by,
Of things we use to do,
And most of all the very truth,
How much I thought of you,
Beyond my cell the raindrops,
Upon my window pane
Seem to hum a melody,
Someday we'll meet again.

Submitted by
Bill Solosky

"The High Cost of Freedom"
"Man Made Laws"

You delight in laying down laws, yet you delight more in breaking them yourself.

Like children playing by the ocean who build sand towers with constancy and then destroy them with laughter.

But while you build your sand towers, the ocean brings more sand to the shore. And when you destroy them the ocean laughs with you. But verily the ocean laughs always with the innocent?

But what of those to whom life is not an ocean, and man made laws are not sand towers?

But to whom life is a rock, and the law a chisel with in which they would carve it, into their own likeness?

And what is it to acknowledge the laws, but to stoop down and trace their shadows upon the earth.

But you, the law people walk facing the sun, what image drawn on the earth can hold you?

You who travel with the wind...., what weather-vane shall deride your faults, and if you break your yoke, but upon no man's prison door?

What laws shall you fear if you dance like a fool, and, but stumble against no man's iron chains?

And who is he that shall bring you to judgement if you tear the heart of others in your own

likeness. And leave your mark upon no man's path?

You forget that the man made laws are suppose to be based upon trust and honesty.

But like pathetic blind fools, with dull minds, you see others of their wrong doing. But really what you see is yourself.

And you who work in prisons, with sick minds, and you call your illness a job.

You can muffle the dream, that leads to my freedom!

And you can loosen the strings of my life of the truth.

But who shall command the Sky Lark - not to sing?

Submitted by
Paul La Riviere

Long Term Imprisonment! Not the Answer!

Having served approximately 28 years in reform schools, Provincial jails and Federal Prisons in Canada, I've had a birds eye view of the awesomeness of life in prison. Nearly 18 years on this sentence, opened my eyes! When a person has been forced to accept complete and total control over his movements and activities, work and normal living habits over a long period of time: many conscious as well as subconscious things occur within his

personality. Some are not so good! Not at all!

For instance, if he has little or no contact with friends, family and loved ones over a long period of time, he can become partially or even totally cognizant with the prison world.

Believe me reader! Prison is another world! Another dimension within itself!

After many years of forced reclusion from the normal society of the outside world, one can at times live in a dream world, in a fantasy island. Confined by the bars, doors, gates, fences and towers. Towers who are manned by men with a license to shoot to kill if a person dares to breach the walls to obtain freedom and a normal life!

I say normal as man was not created to live in a cage. If kept confined to a cage for a long time, he may become in a worse psychological state of mind than he was on day one of his long term imprisonment.

He loses all concept of wages, food prices, rent and day to day expenses incurred in everyday outside living. The system makes all financial decisions for him.

In the tyrannical beaucracy of Canadian Corrections, there are few who are directly in command of the prisoner who really care as they watch him deteriorate year after year.

On the eventual day of release, society is now forced to face a human time bomb!

His value's are attuned to prison, not

society! His concept of compassion, passion, affection, love and normal consideration for another human being is definately out of whack with people who have never been in prison. Long term imprisonment gears him to prison, not society.

Consequently, having no friends on the outside, no work record or credibility to establish himself in the free world, invariably he returns to crime as his livelihood. Escape from the prison within his psych is virtually impossible after many years of forced environment. He is unaccustomed to making even minor decisions concerning his every day life. The authorities have conditioned him to prison.

In many cases his natural instincts will prevail in such a way that his very soul will crave to get even! Get even with whom? The Law? The man in the street? The shopkeeper? Who? All of them screams his conditioned mind. All of them!!!

This is not the man who was before the Judge 10-12-15-20-25 years before! No! He most surely IS NOT!!

What is he to do? Work? No one will hire him! Marry? He is out of touch in the areas of relations, communications and understanding of women!

The guy has become as remote in society as a Chinaman on the planet Mars!

Who created this poor lost soul? This individual who is lost? This man who wants so desperately to work, to love, to survive? The crazy law who forces him into long term imprisonment.

Thats who!!

All the questions will come up when, if he does go haywire, Why? Why? Why?

The answer is relatively simple.

Long term imprisonment proves nothing except to destroy a worthwhile human being.

It creates a misfit. He did not create his now present attitude. It was forced upon him by conditioning all of his senses to prison by virtue of long term incarceration.

The fault lies in the law makers, judges and prosecutors hands.

If you create lost persons, if you create hate through years of mental torture and forced environment and release this guy to a foreign world, namely society, what can you expect? You have done yourself as well as the released prisoner, who you have conditioned, no good at all!

You have created him?

Think about it. Do something about it. Abolish sentences of over 7 years. Long term imprisonment is not the answer. You create a monster! How will you deal with it? You won't be able too, so best not to cut off your nose to spite your face.

Robert Haddock 2291
Habitual Criminal 1963-?

Bob has been since transferred
to the Kent Maximum penitentiary, at his own request
that is a change!

The Story That Must Be Told

Know you that before this world existed, there was a world where the Great Wizard had made every perfect thing. But he also had children, and, as you know, there is always one child who is envious of the others.

When the eldest daughter was to marry the king of a far off country, the Wizard feared she would be lonely and homesick, and he decided to seed a mountain for her and remove it to her new Kingdom.

But her youngest brother, who was named Discord, was very jealous. He thought, if I steal a few of the seeds, I can have my own world and remove it whenever I will.

So he dug into the Wizard's mountain and waited. The first day, the Wizard came and threw the seeds of light. The whole inside of the mountain became light, except Discord's dark cave.

Discord saw the light and came out of his cave and snatched the last of the seeds, but he did not snatch enough, so that the stolen light was half darkness.

The next day the Wizard came and threw the seeds of earth, and all the light filled mountain became good land. As before, Discord came out of his cave and could snatch only the last seeds. So, he had only bits and pieces.

On the next day the Wizard seeded all the animals his daughter wanted to take to her new kingdom to play with and enjoy. Discord caught only the last of these seeds too, and so the stolen animals were misshapened, some had long trunks or long necks or had horns on their noses. Some were angry and vicious.

Discord was determined to get the first of the next seeds, which would be Mankind. But he snatched too soon and got only a half handfull, so that his cave held Mankind who were physically very handsome, but their minds were as warped as the bodies of the beasts.

Lastly the Wizard spread the seeds of self-sustaining life and these did not get into the cave at all because Discord was so harried by his crooked creations that he forgot to look for the Wizard. So his creations could only live by devouring each other. The plants fought and choked each other for the land and the beasts devoured the plants, and Mankind ate the beasts.

Meantime the Wizard's mountain was finished and all the wedding guests came and admired it, never noticing Discord's cave because everything else was so beautiful. The Wizard's daughter and her new husband went into the mountain, and the Wizard removed it to their far off kingdom.

But when the Wizard's part of the mountain was gone, there was nothing to hold Discord's cave together and it swelled up and began floating away. The water and the sky separated from

the land, and the stars separated from the sky and took bits of seeds with them. Everything was disconnected, and the creatures of different stars began to change according to the way Discord had snatched the seeds. The far away beasts became very different in appearance, but kept the same minds, whereas the people kept the same appearance, but changed within their thoughts.

The beauty in Discord's world became a snare because it seemed like the beauty of the Wizard's real mountain, and yet was often very false.

2/ The Great Wizard's Rainbow:

Now, Discord's cave swelled and swelled and all the seeds separated, and the whole dark false creation came to the Wizard's notice. He hardly knew what he ought to do. He could have waved his hand and destroyed the cave but that meant destroying the good that had been originally in each seed, and good really cannot be destroyed even by the Great Wizard.

However, there was much misery in the cave--not only because of the strife and the devouring, or the separation of the land and waters, but because there was no beauty. The whole cave and animals and people were grey--or not even grey, which has a kind of colour, but not really colour at all.

So the Great Wizard ordered Discord to gather up all the wandering colour seeds and put them back where they belonged. Discord tried, but he didn't have the skill the Great Wizard had, which

is why animals have stripes or spots, and parrots can be green, red, and yellow all at once, and people can be golden haired, or dark haired, or neither one or the other.

But because colour itself is beautiful, even the mixed up patterns were also beautiful, although Discord being a man made all the male creatures splendid first and hence didn't have enough colour to decorate all the females. That is why the male ducks have feathers as bright as gems while their seed-wives are as drab as mud.

At last Discord was finished. The flowers were most beautiful, because he had started with them, but nothing at all was ugly anymore, not even a burrow rat.

The trouble was, Discord found the sky much too big for him because it kept on swelling--and is swelling to this day-- and whenever it rained the colours dissolved out of the earth and flowers and people, and floated away, so everything was almost as gray as before.

The Great Wizard was angry, but Discord complained, "The sky has become too vast for me."

"Very well" said the Wizard, "I will gather the colours together after the rain has dissolved them, and lay them in direct colour across the sky and you may take them and return them to your world."

That is why, after a rainstorm, you see the colours laid neatly in an arch in the same order. Discord takes the colours from the sky and puts

them back into the World. The sky and sea turn blue, and the grass is greener than before, and all eyes sparkle, no matter what colour they are.

Of course colours dissolve into the sunbeams too so that many things fade and wither, but Discord does not worry about it because he knows the Great Wizard will gather the colours together again after the next rainstorm.

Thus many sun-faded things, like grass and plants, regain their colour after the next rainstorm, but because Discord is lazy, he lets the unimportant things stay as they are. So there is no hoping Discord will renew a faded cloak. You must take it to a dyers, who borrow colour seeds from Discord's plants and makes up for his laziness.

So now I hope you understand about the colours and can see how foolish people are when they say a rainbow is merely light scattered by water.

3/ Discord's Brothers Make the World Worse:

Now, you can imagine that the Great Wizard's other children did not like the way their brother had made so much trouble for himself, or the way Discord's cave was overspreading space.

The Great Wizard said, "Why are you complaining. My world is without end, so all of you have as much space as you care to take. It's sad that your brother has made so much trouble for himself, but I'm mending matters as well as I can, and you will do no good by meddling."

The Great Wizard had five children. The eldest was a daughter named Happiness, and, as we have seen, she married the King of a far country. She was so busy in her own kingdom that she didn't see Discord's world at all.

But next were her brothers Justice and Truth. They were very angry because the Great Wizard would not destroy Discord. They consulted their youngest sister Harmony, who was very distressed, but did not think that further destruction would accomplish anything.

So Justice and Truth set out by themselves to put an end to Discord's world. However, Truth said, "We must destroy only evil. In a world where all creatures live by devouring each other, how is one creature more evil than the next?"

After thinking about it, Justice said, "The devouring must be cowardly or unnecessary or deceitful, and Mankind must be held most accountable because they are most intelligent."

The brothers started first with the earth, and rooted out all the strong grasses that would choke out the weak. Then they went to the animals and began killing the fierce that preyed on the gentle.

But, before long, the land was barren and the grass eaters, who had increased in numbers, began to die of starvation. Then mankind became even more cruel than before, because they too were hungry.

"We're doing something wrong" said the

brothers. "Perhaps we should have started with Mankind."

"You should have minded your own business", said the Great Wizard. "Now you've added draught and famine. The weak seedling pine withers if the shade of the encrouching thornbush is removed from it. When the tough crowding plants are cleared away, the rain washes the more delicate blades from the ground. Thus the pasture land is gone, and the grasses that live too securely become too lazy to find new land, and so they starve."

The brothers went home, and the Great Wizard decided to ask his daughters to enter Discord's World to see if they could undo some of the damage caused by Justice and Truth.

4/The Great Wizard's Daughters:

So, the Wizard asked his daughters, Harmony and Happiness, to visit Discord's world. The lovely sisters travelled everywhere, and when all the creatures saw Happiness smile and heard Harmony sing, they forgot that they lived only by devouring each other.

But after the sisters were gone, the world was bleak again. Happiness and Harmony were very sad that they had not been able to do more good. "We have our own Kingdoms" said Happiness, "But perhaps we can take turns walking the world."

They talked the matter over, and the first turn came to Harmony. She said to herself, "One creature alone can't be harmonious. Everyone must

be taught to make music together."

Not all the creatures listened to her. Because the Great Wizard had gathered the colours together, the plants and trees knew themselves to be perfectly beautiful, and beauty is a silent kind of harmony. That is why a blue flower can grow next to a red one, and both will please the eye.

Also the fish and lizards and snakes did not think that music would make them more harmonious, but the air breathing sea creatures basked in the water and listened to Harmony. She gave them notes to sing and when they dived beneath the waves they repeated the notes together and forgot their imperfections and sorrows.

The birds, too, found enjoyment in exchanging songs, except large, vain birds like the peacocks, who wanted to be alone to admire themselves.

The animals said, "We must be silent, for we are either stalking or being stalked, and music could betray us." So when the tiger screams or the wolf howls, and although cats may try to be harmonious when they sing love songs to each other, Harmony closes her ears and runs away.

Mankind, which had more leisure time than the beasts, readily learned the notes Harmony taught them. They sang together and fashioned instruments. But mankind also had more leisure time to be miserable, so when the song was over, they were as hopeless as before.

Harmony, having done all she could, went home and left to Happiness the task of making Mankind

less miserable and discontented. Since Mankind could talk and reason, Happiness said to them, "You feel the warming glow. Why do you let it fade?" And they said, "We can't seem to make our own happiness."

"Aha, that's the trouble!" she said, "You can make happiness only for others, never for yourself."

This did not suit Mankind, who said, "If we do someone else a kindness, he may cheat us or even kill us in return. We had better grab what we can and forget others."

However, a few people did try to make other people happy and were in the reflective glow until they were cheated or otherwise disappointed, and then they stopped trying.

So Happiness went to the Great Wizard and said, "You must send yet another child to Discord's world." And the Wizard said, "My dear daughter, you know very well I have no more children. Whom can I send?"

"That is for you to determine. Mankind can create happiness, but he needs a reason to do so, against all he knows and fears."

So the Great Wizard sought out Time, but that's another story.

5/ The Great Wizard and Time:

The Wizard's first children were given to

him by Eternity, a very serene lady he loved above all else. She enjoyed his company and that of her children, but she could not understand why they could not live with her all the time.

As long as they lived in their own kingdoms, she felt near to them because the Wizard's world without end extended into her own domain, but when Discord seeded his own world, she felt deserted.

First, Discord left her, then his brothers and sisters tried so hard to help him that they were in Discord's world more often than they were in her own.

Thus, when the Great Wizard went to her for a child, she said, "I think not my dear Wizard, Discord has spoiled everything. You know that Happiness, Truth, Justice and Harmony are eternal, yet they wear themselves to shadows trying to enclose infinity in Discord's wretched cave. I will give you no more children until the ones we have are restored to me.

The Great Wizard knew that Eternity was right. No matter how hard he tried to help Discord's World, it was only a wretched cave that could not hold Eternity's children.

But could he perhaps find a womb within the cave? He looked and saw that Discord was now battling a new enemy whom Discord himself had created. An impatient, impetuous girl named Time.

Discord explained to the Wizard, "How can I improve my world when Time is always against me? Make her kinder, and I can get more done."

So the Great Wizard went to Time and said, "What would you want of me, in return for giving me a child?"

"The Jewels of Eternity," she answered at once, "I rule Discord and his cave the same way Eternity rules you and your world---without end. Yet she is serene and has everything while I must rush and shove and devour to make Discord's cave aware of my existence."

"You ask a hard gift," said the Wizard. "I cannot give you serenity, but I can endow you with stately step. Men will keep you in their heartbeats. Your law will determine all seasons and procedure, and whatever you do can not be altered."

As he spoke, Time's pace became regular and majestic, not hurried by unchanging. In Discord's cave she totally eclipsed Eternity and was very happy. She nurtured the Great Wizard's seed in her womb, and the Great Wizard suddenly realized he would need a nurse for the child.

He called his five children from their kingdoms and said, "All of you must understand that I cannot bring Time's child home to Eternity. You must take turns living in Discord's world and raising the Babe."

Truth and Justice immediately protested. "We never mean to be cruel, but sometimes we might have to deal harshly. Truth must always be spoken, and Justice must be meted out. So you must see why we can watch over Time's child only now and then. For the Child's sake, don't expect more of us."

But Happiness and Harmony said, "We're continually in Discord's cave anyways, and a child will be a pleasure for us. When will he be born?"

"Alas," said the Wizard, "Whenever Time decrees, for such is the wish I have granted her."

So the child appeared in the mother's good time and too, it was twins. A boy and a girl.

The Great Wizard brought the twins to his older children, and the girl captivated Truth and Justice so that they could scarcely bear to be parted from her. On the other hand, Happiness and Harmony, who had long yearned for a sympathetic brother, took instantly to the boy.

The twins loved their brothers and sisters, of course. They also were proud of their mother Time, who had become quite rhythmic and graceful, and rivaling Harmony in the pleasure she bestowed.

With the fine rearing they had, the twins were eager to help the creatures in Discord's cave. The girl would coax leniency from the brothers who adored her and who bent their stern rules whenever she begged them. So Mankind called her Mercy because she is the only creature who can soften Truth and ward off Justice.

The boy needed to coax Happiness and Harmony who already were doing what they could for Mankind, but he often appealed to his mother Time to let her steps go in different paths. Therefore, he encouraged Mankind to look to the future where another path might open up. Mankind called the boy Hope and loved him even more than Happiness and Harmony, because after he was born, no situation was unendurable.

However, the twins grew at different rates because Mankind wanted Hope and helped him grow strong.

but a man with Truth and Justice on his side seldom wants Mercy so that she is weak and fragile to this day.

Such is the Great Wizard's world without end. I've spoken of Happiness and Harmony, Truth and Justice, Mercy and Hope, and now Love.

Well, Love is the Great Wizard and shows it in so many ways. I would tell of Doubt and Despair, but, then again, that is another story.

By
Lawrence Carter

"Slim Pickens"

When it's night-time on the skid-road,
Round Cordova Street and Powell,
Then from a darkened doorway
Comes Slim Pickins on the prowl.

The coppers never see him-
He's much too quick and sly-
But the dope-fiends, rubs and prostitutes
Will meet Him , by-and-by.

He slips into the alleyways
Where drunkards sometimes lie;
He finds 'em by the shadowed walls
Where drunkards sometimes die.

A whisper on a musty stair;
Soft footsteps in the hall;
Cold fingers brush a hollow cheek;
Old Slim has come to call.

(Sleep on, sleep on, young dope-fiend,
Your race is all but run;
You saw but sixteen summers -
Tomorrow you'll see none.)

Old Wino in a doorway,
Crumpled, lifeless heap;
Slim has finally got you,
And you sold out pretty cheap.

(Oblivion in a bottle,
With goof-balls, five or six -
You must have known, old-timer,
That wine and pills don't mix.)

And here, a four-and-twenty whore
All bloody in a bed;
She thought she had a customer -
Slim Pickens came instead.

Oh, He's never short of prospects,
He'll seek 'em out somewheres,
In the sour smell of piss and puke,
In hallways, on the stairs.

And those that ain't quite ready,
Why Slim don't even try -
Tomorrow night's another night
And He'll get 'em by-and-by.

(You walk along this skid-road,
You know you just can't cheat;
Old Slim is still the Dealer,
And you're on Slim Pickins beat.)

The coppers never see him -
He's much too quick and sly -
But the dope-fiends, rubs and prostitutes
Will meet him, by-and-by.

Cause He's an icy wind on Hastings Street;
He's a shadow in the rain;
He's a slug in a jug of Baysie Rum;
He's a thought in a fevered brain.

He's the shabby hope in a cap of dope;
He's a love that withered and died;
He's oblivion bought, if you don't caught;
He's goddamit-to-hell-I tried.

He's a boot in the head in the city jail;
He's too many bridges burned;
He's the up-too-tight, can't-sleep-at-night;
Of the too little, too late, returned.

He's the sordid gloom of a two-buck-room;
And you can feel him waiting near;
A piece of night, just out of sight;
A gut full of nameless fear.

And just before the mornin' grey
Pre-empts the night-time sky,
It just may be that you (or me)
Have found a place to die.

The Coppers never see him-
He's much too quick and sly,
But Rounders and you workin' girls,
You'll meet him by-and-by.

By

Frank Guiney

Editor's Note

I found this poem in a 1972 Edition of Words
From The Inside. The realism this poem showed
led me to believe you might enjoy it.

"Something Other Than Doubt"

A major problem inside any Federal Institution, is having a Mis-Conduct Report written on you. An even bigger problem is the Inmate Disciplinary Court. You must appear in front of this Court to answer to the charge.

The big problem there, is you have a "Chairperson" that originally was designed to be independant. If this man is suppose to be independant, why then we ask is he flanked by someone in Security and someone that is in Social Development or some other area of work "within" the institution?

I myself feel this man is influenced in his decision making by the two other members of the Board on what amount of time you are to be placed in Segregation or O.P.(Off Privileges). Whatever the case may be.

It is highly unusual for a man to have his charge totally dismissed. They're way of dismissal is called Warned and Advised. This still counts as a conviction, so it does not help matters any.

Lets take Millhaven for instance, if you are convicted of a major chage, such as refusing a direct order, threatening, or two in a cell, you'll have to wait six months before you may apply for anything. If you are convicted of a minor charge, such as refusing to work, it's a three month waiting period. The time you are placed in segregation is also cut and dried, it starts with 7 days, goes to 10 to 15 to 21 to 30 and so forth.

My suggestions voiced over this matter of the independant chair person are, if you are convicted of a charge, you should be able to also launch an appeal.

This appeal should not have to be launched to the Warden, but the same as if we were on the street. The evidence or transcripts alone should go in front or who ever and they alone should be used to decide if you were legally convicted, beyond a shadow of a doubt. As it stands now, the bottom line is it's not working and we are being treated un-justly.

Pat (Harpo) Vendramin

"Meeting"

Two proud trees,
Growing bent but tall,
Backs to each other,
Faces to the wall,
Standing alone,
Side by side,
Rigid with tension,
Gnarled with pride.

Cynicism had clouded our young eyes,
Kept us poles apart,
Biting back bitter fire
Crushed under frozen earth,
A wall of snow between us.

Hate we had in common,
And a certain strength,
Heels dug in,
Straining,
Not to let the hard lines blur,
Or the times ease.

How did we thaw the iceburgs of a lifetime?

Choking in a sea of bile,
We surfaced slowly
Weary smiles,
Open new eyes.

I felt your stiff arms,
Reach out in terror,
Hold on tightly.

You saw me,
writhe in my need,
Let the hard front drop.

And our roots stretched down through the ice,
Found the firm earth,
Smouldering below.

And met.

C.W.

"Progressiveness" of Prisons
Is Self-Deception or Fraud

Sir: On August 2, 1982 I listened to a discussion on a local radio station between the area director of communications for prisons, Dennis Curtis, and a probation officer from London, England. I must say that I am once again torn between the conviction that the Canadian Penitentiary Service is either practicing self-deception or outright fraud.

First, I am aghast that Mr. Curtis would cite

for purposes of domestic and international propaganda, the "progressiveness" of Canadian penal policy as evidenced by the small size and modernity of our federal penal institutions. The entire trend to more and smaller prisons is a political red herring, and a most blatant example of the shallow, tinkering nature of Canadian penal policy which acts to mystify the fundamental futility of incarceration.

Whether prisons are two centuries old and house 1800 prisoners, as in Britain, or sparkling new, housing 180 prisoners and offering many "programs," the fact remains that humans are housed in them for challenging the capitalist system of individual ownership-from the street(as opposed to from the office).

By the very condition of incarceration, individuals are subject to a multiplicity of deprivations-social, employment-related, familial, economic, sexual, psychological, etc. This fact is not altered by the size or age of the cage. Mr. Curtis assumes that a prisoner's participation in his social improvement is more successful in smaller, newer institutions. The assumption is proven inaccurate and meaningless by the fact that in new and old prisons alike, constructive activity is rendered impossible by the overpowering custodial ethic of prison authorities.

Second, prison programs, if more numerous and strong in the new institutions, fail utterly to address the causes of the social dissatisfaction which spawn the acts for which people are incarcerated. Crime is a political act, and it is social stratification, grossly unequal distribution of resources, racism, sexism, and exploitation of labor which must be addressed in a revolutionary way if crime is ever to be reduced. Prison programs refer only to the symptoms of social dissatisfaction rather than the causes, and do so incredibly ineffectively even at that. The

bottom line is that the reform/tinkering ethic is a wholly inadequate penal policy, and it is this which the new Canadian prisons encompass to no less degree than the dungeons which preceded them.

Third, I challenge Mr. Curtis's evaluation of the new Family Visiting Program at Millhaven Penitentiary. He neglected to mention to his foreign social-control-agent visitor that the program has caused major conflict within the pen, between guards and administration, guards and prisoners, and among prisoners. Nor that the program has been boycotted by several groups within the institution, most notably the Odyssey Prisoners' Rights Group. Also, only an astounding 12 or so men out of about 200 are even eligible for the program, and many of these refuse to take part in it.

The reason for these reactions is that rather than being a positive, constructive, reintegrative program, Family Visiting has proven, as predicted, to be a powerful control manoeuvre by penal authorities. It seeks to prostitute wives and other relatives by demanding the passivity and zombiism of prisoners in exchange for their wives' company.

This program was first instituted at Millhaven to complement the Special Handling Unit as a threat against prisoner activism; other Canadian prisons use Millhaven itself as threatened punishment. In combination with Solicitor-General Robert Kaplan's extension of the criteria by which prisoners can be sent to the unit, the coercive Family Visiting Program acts (or was intended to act) as a powerful deterrent to the voicing of dissatisfaction with Millhaven practices.

The prison, like all institutions, seeks to defend itself from criticism. Predictably, both the Family

Visiting Program and the broader criteria for entrance into the Special Handling Unit followed hot on the heels of the wave of dissent from Millhaven prisoners in late 1980 and early 81. Both the family program and the special unit serve to bribe these men , and to incite greater unrest for which they can be segregated from the rest of the prison population.

The Family Visiting Program is a social device to which a handful of men(understandably) acquiesce but to which the majority have voiced dissent-conveniently for an administration which wants to legitimize its repressive and punitive treatment of prison activists.

The hypocrisy of the Canadian Penitentiary Service is blatant. Mr. Curtis's liberal-humanitarian facade can no longer be attributed to naivete;indeed, his domestic and international spreading of misinformation can only be labelled popular fraud.

Carol Ann Wood
Kingston

WRITE-ON!!!..... Carol Ann!!

The Odyssey Group LOVES you!!

Bill S.

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THANK YOU,
The Editor

Don't Quit

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,
When the road you are trudging seems all uphill,
When the funds are low and the debts are high,
And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,
When care is pressing you down a bit,
Rest if you must, but don't you quit!

Life is queer with its twists and turns,
As every one of us sometimes learns,
And many a fellow turns about,
When he might have won if he'd stuck it out,
Don't give up though the pace seems slow,
You may succeed with another blow!

Often the goal is nearer than,
It seems to be to a faint and faltering man;
Often the struggler has given up
When he might have captured the victor's cup;
And he learned too late when the night came down,
How close he was to the golden crown!

Success is failure turned inside out,
The silver tint of the clouds of doubt,
And you never can tell how close you are,
It may be near when it seems afar;
So stick to the fight when you are hardest hit,
It is when things seem worst that you mustn't quit!

Editor's Comment...

If memory serves me correctly, I first came across this poem about eight years ago in a newsletter from the Prison for Women called "TIGHTWIRE". The author was Jimmy Armour's wife.

" IT'S NOT 'CRIMINALS' WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL

OUR PROBLEMS! "

Retired judge Les Bewley is trying to alarm us by suggesting that pandemonium exists in our courts, that inexperienced prosecutors and judges are being 'duped' by experienced defence counsel and that jealous legislators and bleeding heart parole boards are upsetting stern and solemn judgements. That is nonsense.

If the judges in Vancouver are having trouble with their public image of late I do not believe former judge Bewley is helping.

There are inexperienced prosecutors in the lower courts who probably do not go to the toilet without their supervisors knowing, and they would not let them bargain on any level.

Our judges are almost all former prosecutors who are conservative in their approach and if anything, suffer from hearing too many stories of how people inflict pain on each other, resulting in a certain jading of any leniency. Most judges, and for that matter, most lawyers, know little or nothing of the machinations of the parole bureaucracy but that system seldom errs on the side of leniency.

The criminal justice system is not working--- we can perhaps all agree on that. But the more we 'scapegoat' the prisoners and criminals for all of the problems facing us in 1981, the farther we will be from finding real solutions.

Our economy is spiralling out of control. We all want 'things' we can never afford and have no real use for. We feel pacified with sports arenas that cost billions when there is no adequate daycare and thousands of women, men, and children try to exist on welfare. As citizens we are infuriated when prisoners destroy what we tell them are pretty cells; and they are trying to tell us they cannot live like that.

We choose to ignore it when prison officials tell us that not all prisoners need to be there. We should demand that our money not be spent to build more cells but for different reasons.

We ignore the news that tells us that the guards' unions at Kent and Matsqui were negotiating pay raises and cuts in unnecessary staffing just prior to the riots. We all feel impotent to effect change, we are thoroughly bored with our " what-happened-to-the-rainbow? " lives, and we are paranoid about police surveillance if we are critical of those in power. In sum, Mr. Bewley does not represent reality as I have come to know it.

Judi Gedye

Gedye & Guether,
Barristers & Solicitors

Vancouver, Canada

EDITORS NOTE:

This letter was sent to the Editor of the
Vancouver Provincial Sun, and was reproduced
in its entirety.

" For the State it is indispensable that
nobody have an own will; if one had, the
State would have to exclude, lock up or
banish him; if all had they would do away
with the State. "

... Max Stirner

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